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1922

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BY HOPATCONG'S PLEASANT WATERS

Don't tell a soul about it, for we do not want it to go any farther, but on a recent week-end at Lake Hopatcong we ran across the cutest little trick in the form of a full-fledged gambling joint you could find in four states. It's right by the placid waters of the Lake, in a picturesque old house said to have been owned at one time by Lotta Crabtree. (A lady guide in the party comically called her Lotta Crabapple—such is fame!) Well, if you have a few idle hours on your hands up there, after stacking your Ford, snoop round the Lake near the Alamac, and have a try at the roulette wheel. After you're cleaned you can relax by inspecting the rare, old carved mantel Lotta brought from the Orient, or the ancient oils hung in the foyer. Following this you can find out how much Mons. Latz will allow you as a temporary loan on your Lizzie.

Passing through Dover, N. J. you read a funny sign: "Drive slow and see our town. Drive fast and see our Jail." With Ralph Farnum at the wheel bets are on the Jail.

All the way to Lake H. you notice the biggest-advertised act on any "time." It's Polarine, probably a single.... You learn from a sign-post outside of Morris-town that Newfoundland is "only 24 miles."....."Cook's Restaurant" near Caldwell is self-explanatory.... Matthew Arnold was asked what was the one thing he remembered best from a trip to America. He said, "Two horses, attached to an ice-sled on Lake Erie, with their heads turned half round.".... Our gem from the Lake H. trip was a Collie dog standing on the running board of a

big Packard, which his master was projecting at about 50 miles the hour.

On the Jersey City Boulevard we saw Old Man Campbell's Mausoleum, back of it what looked like an English castle, said to be the crematory. It was an inspiring start for a 53 mile dash. Oh, very!

THE LADIES JACKSON AND ELIAS

What ever did become of old Mrs. Jackson who started to pull Claire Elias into court this spring—and why was the case dropped? Mrs. Jackson kept lodgings at Long Beach last summer, and it is said that the sweet and beautiful milliner alleged she had lost some clothing and a bunch of "fish" at said habitation. The Elias person is always "losing" something. She's the biggest laugh Broadway has. Some day we'll tell you why, with complete details.

* * *

Kitty Doner, the well-known Keith headliner, is vacationing in Europe after a successful season.

* * *

Is it true that Dotty King stayed up all night waiting for a letter from Nantucket, Mass.? But why should anyone lose sleep for a letter from a place like that.

* * *

YET YOU WONDER WHY AMERICA LEADS IN PARESIS!

A press agent, the other day, sent out on behalf of Irene Franklin a story that Irene came home recently and found a terrible state of affairs. Her little daughter, Elizabeth, was yowling: "Mumma, there isn't a single piece of candy in this house." Irene hurried to a candy store to relieve the situation. For this boy, all together, the enamelled phial of carbolic.



**Miss
Gilda
Gray**

A fetching pose of the truly great singing and dancing artiste who has made "Ty-Tee" a part of her fame. To that lovely air she has imparted a bewitching thrill of romance. We've gone a hundred times to Gilbert Boag's DEAUVILLE BATHING BEACH at midnight to hear it. Gilda appears this year not only at DEAUVILLE, but in the new "Follies," and in the "Follies" she has no peer.



In response to thousands of wires and letters pouring in on BROADWAY BREVITIES, we have consented to name the twelve greatest living Americans, both male and female. They are herewith submitted, and we feel our decision will be received enthusiastically in all parts of the union:

TWELVE GREATEST AMERICAN MEN

Nick the Greek
Louis Cohen
Nedick
Joe Yoeng
Billy Gallagher
Sully, the Barber
Paddy the Pig
Swoboda
Dr. Roth
Kid Griffo
Harry Bestry
Our Bootlegger (*anonymous*)

TWELVE GREATEST AMERICAN WOMEN

Mother Childs
Mary T. Goldman
Claire Elias
Florence Mills
Aunt Jemima
and the 7 Sutherland Sisters.

SPARKLERS DISAPPEAR IN JOE SMALLWOOD'S INN

Old friend, Joe Smallwood, who owns Glenwood Lodge, near Roslyn, has had a lot of excitement in his place recently. Mrs. H. E. Aitken, of 125 East 56th street, lunched in Joe's *recherche* resort about two weeks ago, and shortly after she left missed three rings, valued at the modest honorarium of \$16,000. She dashed back with her escort, H. D. Connick, and turned the place upside down—but no rings in sight. Then she took down a squad of sleuths who made a

third degree search for the missing articles of bijouterie—same success. Old pal, Joe, of course is deeply distressed, and in his distress forgot for three whole days to mount his old motor truck and drive up to New York for steaks and vegetables, as has been his won't these many years. Joe isn't alone in his embarrassment, for if we recall correctly, that distinguished member of the BUNK CLUB, Joe Pani, had a similar loss occur in his sylvan retreat known as Woodmansten just a short time ago. Well, it's awful, whatever way you look at it.

* * *

Billy Weston, one of the survivors of the old flagellation club on Ninth avenue, seems to be keeping fairly busy with some of our most representative citizens. Billy seems to just hop from one infatuation to another—that is, if you want to drop into that kind of terminology. Hubby took a hand in it the other day, and gave Billy a brand new set of hand-tooled blue prints—you know, the old divorce stuff. Avocato Hecheimer is handling the hubby end of it. A wee bit of uneasiness is felt in certain quarters. Morris and the "Count," and Leon (deceased) have all been on the honor roll of Billy's admirers, and as none of them ever did anything to our knowledge except take the little lady to lunch, we see no earthly reason for their disquietude, as we never heard yet of it being a crime to take a pretty girl out for the eats. If "lunch" is to become a crime, then all we can say is, woe betide many of Broadway's best men.

* * *

Magistrate Edward Weil ruled, not long ago, that hereafter all monkeys must be barred from Broadway. Now, don't misunderstand, he wasn't hitting at the dance halls or handing a warning to the Zoo. The ruling arose in connection with Karl Berkowitz, who you've seen many a time on the old cow-path, being wheeled on a push cart, carrying a monkey therewith. We've seen Berkowitz on Broadway for years—at one time he

used to walk the lower Broadway section, selling pencils, tapping his cane on the pavement to guide his blind steps. What we wish to do is to utter a protest in favor of this pitiful old blind man, ordered off Broadway, while from 40th up to 47th street both Broadway and the side streets are congested with the infernal sight-seeing trucks and life made miserable by their insolent barkers. These gigantic wagons slow down traffic on the cross streets, and practically block the street-car service when they ply Broadway. They constantly and contemptuously violate the city ordinance which permits vehicles, outside parking space, only twenty minutes for loading and unloading. Beyond any question the sight-seeing trucks are "fixed" with the police, for they are seldom molested and when they are, it is in the nature of a huge farce.

"FREE VERSE POETRY"

We have long inveighed against the gang of idiots, headed by that garrulous nonentity, Amy Lowell, and that other vacuous nit-wit, Carl Sandborg, who started the *vers libre* fad. Signs are not wanting the bile of the American public is beginning to rise against their tomfoolery. We are rejoiced to quote in part a scathing indictment from this month's issue of the *Critic and Guide*, written by its fearless and gifted editor, Wm. J. Robinson:

"I have read recently some 'poems' from the pens of our young 'poets.' My conviction is that these vers libristes are (1) paranoiacs (2) victims of dementia praecox (3) just plain damfools (4) charlatans hungry for notoriety, or (5) fellows trying to have some fun at the expense of the publishers and the public. I can scarcely conceive the degree of imbecilic stupidity to which writing can descend. Just cacophonous gibberish of idle idiots who ought to be put on the job of cleaning the streets or—in the case of the gentler sex—washing dishes.

I am a caterpillar
I will crawl on you
You will crush me
I will crawl still higher.

A specimen of modern poetry. It is the entire poem. And I have seen worse. Oh, ye shades of Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Moliere. Is poetry dead—or is it dead only in the United States of America."

Recent announcement of the nuptials of a young nabob of Wall as well as Murray Hill, sets in more acute paradox than ever his romance of about a year and a half ago with one of the long-legged, dancing moths of Broadway. It all wouldn't be so embarrassing had this romance not flowered and fruited in a young copy of the ardent lovers, the toddler now being, let's guess, a year old and proudly paraded by its fond mumma in all the high places of the town. Babykins, of course, has no name, wherein occurs the rub. It is said that fond mumma could, at one time, have extended her lily fingers and closed them tightly around a roll totalling two hundred and fifty thousand shekels, but, as in many similar situations, while Barkis daughter was willin', her sweet mamma held out for a more handsome settlement. And held out so long and so vehemently that, suddenly, the offer was withdrawn, and not a sou marquee could be pried loose. On the publication of papa's nuptials 'tis said that the long-legged one was for blood and vengeance in the public prints, threatening entire front pages in one fell volley. For some reason or other—very likely the utter weariness of the city editors with this stale scandal—not a shot has been heard. What the eventuation of the affair will be, however, not even the sagest Broadway weather bureau forecaster feels competent to predict.

* * *

Is it true the "original" Dixie has lost her "original" sweetie? Now, what do you think ever could have happened?

* * *

Will some kind soul tell us what has become of Bennie Friedlander, author of "Ten Nights in a Bathroom?"

* * *

Who is the Broadway manager who kicked in a "grand" to put the clutches on a certain little chorus girl who felt she had a good case for the Society for the Prevention of Indoor Athletics?

* * *

In the absence of anything of importance to communicate we might bleat that Zazu Pitts is returning to the screen in "Country Love" with Metro. Zazu is in private life Mrs. Tom Gallery, and it was on the occasion of these two names being printed at the nuptials that we threw a cat fit.

* * *

Fania Marinoff dies in the first act of "The Charlatan." Why can't they arrange to have this happen before the curtain goes up?

Josephine Harmon, who was said at one time to have modelled for the architects of the Singer Building, turns up again recently in some suit or other, having to do with an act she contracted for and didn't get. Judging by the last act we saw "Joe" in we should say she needs a new act and then ought to sublet it to someone to play it.

* * *

Grammatical gems culled from a recent Johnny Wanamaker "editorial"; "Stir and Bustle is Not Always an Accomplishment." And "It must irradiate cheerfulness, etc." And, "A customer writes us today this." And what Johnny says the customer writes: "We like your store because it is apart from all other known to us." A schoolboy who would perpetrate this sort of Chink English would get flogged out of a year's growth.

* * *

It's a little late to talk about it, but never too late when it's your old playmate, Harry Fink, who is involved. We remember Harry from the time of the old Tokio on 45th street, and his stirring renditions in the early a.m.'s of his song, "The Curse of an Aching Heart." That ballad was worse than an aching tooth, but we recall one night we heard Harry inflict it on the Mayor of New York. It was Harry's masterpiece, and maybe it made him what he is today. For you may have heard of the aching heart of his wife, Mrs. Ida Fink, who recently filed suit for separation in the Supreme Court. In the papers Ida includes many pleasing reminiscences of Harry's regency in the Tokio, alleging that he paid entirely too much attention to a wren named Mrs. Ethel Appel. This sounds suspiciously like a misnomer for Mrs. Ethel Attel, ex-wife of Abe Attel, who we saw in the Tokio on each of our frequent visits. However that may be, when Harry hiked to Brooklyn, after the collapse of the Tokio, to open the Ritz there, Ethel was supplanted by a dame known as Gertrude Bennett, on whom were bestowed by the fernigging Fink a lot of costly gifts. It seems that Harry resembles the sailor with a sweetheart in every port, for no sooner had he shifted again from the Ritz to the Shelburne at Brighton Beach than he went into the old hat and brought out a new skirt called Florence Hutchinson. Wife Ida might have tolerated all this a bit longer had not Harry, per the blue prints, taken to blacking her eyes. She then sang a little aching eye lyric for the Supreme Court bench that will probably prove more effective than Harry's original

composition. And if you hunted through all of Greater New York you probably wouldn't find a soul to sympathize with the Faithless Fink.

* * *

It looks as though the jinx is put on a show the minute Dixie Hines becomes press-agent for it. First there was "Montmartre," then the "Pin Wheel" both of mournful memory. Of course if you know Dixie and his general operation as "Personal Representative" it's all as clear as mud.

* * *

Not many of those who *think* that Fannie Brice is a world-beating comic know that Fannie's hand is turned to commercial as well as footlight activities. For Fannie, under the trade name of Lotta & Brice, operates a millinery shop in the Fifties. Those not in the know who visit the shop are impressed with the Jap-like personality of "Lotta," a diminutive specimen of femininity, who seems to be the whole works. But as a matter of fact Lotta is said to be simply a little Jewish maiden from Chicago. And the story runs that Fannie got acquainted with her through visits to a modiste shop in the windy burg, and eventually imported her, with the result that the firm of Lotta & Brice came into existence. And Lotta is said to have made a lotta hay while Fannie was shining, for it is common gossip about the fine old elderly gent with a roll the size of the Mauretania who has been for several years a devoted admirer of Lotta. There's something awfully comical about the whole thing, and yet we can't say exactly what it is.

* * *

Rosa Ponselle, the celebrated off-key diva of the Metropolitan forces, seems fated to live in an atmosphere of homicides and police courts. Some years ago, it is said, while Rosa was singing in a New Haven cabaret, an admirer of hers named Garrison was shot in Rosa's presence under the most mystifying circumstances. As a matter of fact we are in possession of facts furnished by a gentleman living in New Haven at the time that throw a startling light on the affair, but we are not in a position to give them to the public. Be that as it may, a few months ago, on the occasion of Rosa's birthday party at her home on the Drive, an Italian couple who were among the guests became involved in an affray that landed them later in the Police Station. On top of this, about two weeks ago, Rosa's uncle, Alphonse Ponzillo, shot and killed his son-in-law

Salvatore Briguglia at the former's home in Waterbury. It begins to look as though the grand old Italian institution the vendetta was keeping close tab on Rosa's relatives and acquaintances. As for Rosa herself, although she jumped into the Metro from the two-a-day with a wild hurrah, her star has steadily declined, her appearances last season having been few and far between despite her terrific publicity "bug" and we prophesy that next season they will be fewer still. As a matter of fact her junction with the Metropolitan forces was a howling joke, for she is an incurably off-pitch contralto, and therefore totally unfitted to appear with the great singers therein. How she ever jazzed herself in, and why she is still on the pay-roll, is one of those mysteries that would furnish a thrilling revelation.

* * *

WHAT THE LONDON DAILY MAIL THINKS OF U. S. "PROHIBITION"

On the occasion of the recent re-arrival in England of that fanatical freak, Pussyfoot Johnson, the *Daily Mail* rose with the following deliverance:

"In America five striking results appear to have been achieved by Prohibition. First, revenue of \$500,000,000 lost; second, a great army of detectives and spies costing \$50,000,000 yearly; third, the new profession of bootlegging, making an aggregate profit of \$75,300,000,000; fourth, brewing, distilling and winemaking undertaken privately in hundreds of thousands of American homes; fifth, every known alcoholic beverage can be obtained in every American city, and nine-tenths of the towns, at prices ranging from twice to ten times that of pre-prohibition days. This state of affairs may suit the United States. Mr. Pussyfoot will, with difficulty, persuade us to pay his country the compliment of imitation."

* * *

Sincerely apologizing for this fresh inroad on your vitality, we might report that Billy Dove (now where did we hear that name before?) announces the

color scheme of an actress's clothes affects her performance on the screen. Of course the press-agent dug this up for Billy, but in any case, being confined solely to actresses, why should Billy have any fear?

* * *

"Man Fined \$25.00 For Driving With Arm Around Young Woman"—*News Item*. But think what it probably cost to get the arm around!

"GIRL HE WINED AND DINED HELPS WIFE TO FREEDOM"

That heading in the *Daily News* prefaces a story that will surge the bile of every regular human being, male or female. Floyd J. Coney of the Bronx, wedded gazink, fell soft for the bright young charms of Miriam Davis. Miriam, the dear, was a close friend of Mrs. Coney all the time. You'd think, after leading poor Floyd into her toils, that this female simp would have stood by him through thick and thin. However, her perfidy was disclosed when Mrs. Coney accused Floyd of fernigging, and Floyd—true to the tried formula under such conditions—expressed simulated disgust with Miriam. When Miriam heard of this what does the damn fool do but ups and blows the whole roast in court to Justice Tompkins who thereupon granted a decree. She confessed she had been doing the cabaret, dance-hall and road-house circuit with Floyd, including of course all the trimmings. You'd think she thought enough of Floyd, and would be sufficiently in dread of the old lady, to keep her mouth shut. No, me boys, she didn't and wasn't—and to this Judas-like wren we hereby award the hand-tinted bottle of Citrate of Magnesia.

* * *

Just when we thought Mildred Soper was lost for good, along comes a press-sheet stating that she is to pose for a series of paintings by Everett-Shinn. We suppose you could term this Mildred's shin-digs.

* * *

Goldwyn's news letter reports that Colleen Moore is "an authority on beds." Says Collie can spot a good bed the minute she sees it, from the springs right up to the counterpane. Is it possible Collie was once a chambermaid?

* * *

Not meaning to tantalise you further, yet we *must* announce that Phyllis Haver—whose long legs we are sick of looking at—is going to jump out of bathing suits to act a role in "The Christian." Phyllis annoys us terribly, but may be a nice girl at that, if only one knew her.



BETTY JEWEL

One of the new beauties of the screen world, who shows great promise after a comparatively short career on the silver sheet. Miss Jewel, following her debut in the great Griffith feature, "Orphans of the Storm," is now engaged on a new picture. By even the most casual inspection of the photo above you can easily conclude that she is not only renowned for her beauty, but also appears to have every endowment for a striking success in the silent drama. Personally captivating, those who know her think that her sweet nature reflects her name. Betty is a real "find" and we feel confident the electric lights will some day spell her name. Now, wouldn't you wish Betty all that, and then some more?

It's the Snake's Legs Around Times Square



Wasn't it a surprise for a certain young damsel to learn that Oscar Shaw's family name was Schwartz? And after admiring those beautiful white molars?

?

Is it true that Wally Reis is once again making pictures? And just what was the inside story?

?

'Tis pleasant to see Owen Murphy coming to front again as one of our cleverest lyric writers, with his volatile contributions to "Spice of 1922." How different from the "Gus Edwards Rehearsals of 1920." The cry of "Panic, Panic" now makes way for "Success, Success!"

?

Where, oh where, is Flo Mathews, the Belle of Beantown! It's been several years since she graced the light way, squired by the dignified Democratic politician. We shouldn't wonder if Flo hasn't settled down, gotten herself happily married and thoroughly domesticated. So many do!

?

Helen Lambert, that perennial flower of the Pacific, is back once more in our midst, having just returned from a pleasant visit to Atlantic City. Helen is such a good dancer, it seems a shame that she doesn't get herself a good partner and grab off some of that soft money that is being paid some of those classy dancing teams along the Great Dry Way.

?

Have the little Perry Sisters—Peggy and Maizie—told you yet how artistically they got the 'air' one evening by two regular boys that they thought were just small town saps? Aren't the two little flappers dizzy yet?

?

With Van & Schenck headlining at the Palace, it does seem a far cry from the lowly roles of conductor and motorman for the B. R. T.? However, if that good old railroad continues to raise wages they may hope some day to get the two clever boys back.

?

It is reported on high authority the recent reports regarding the reconciliation of Lou Tellegen and the fair Geraldine, were without foundation, and that all gossip relating to the smoothing out of the domestic ripples were manufactured out of whole cloth. Reports has it that neither of the principals has changed temperamentally to any degree, and therefore the case is *statu quo* as it has been these many months. Is there any news of the French lady who palled with Gerry?

?

Occasionally there flashes across the firmament a clever girl with brains and a natural sense of humor. Such a one, we would say, is Anna May Clift, whose brand of subtle and spontaneous humor bids fair, if developed, to rival that of Florence Moore. Can you imagine a more clever remark, in the midst of a deadly and tiresome dinner party, than, "Throw back your moustache, and give us a kiss," thrown at a high-brow intellectual by the clever Anna May. That would certainly make many a walrus discard his soup-strainers.

?

The dashing Eddie Mathews is seen about quite a bit squiring Sally Fields. We wonder if she was cavorting with him at Long Beach the other Sunday, as we couldn't catch a glimpse of her Grecian profile.

?

What a laugh to see Lou Holtz drumming up trade for his new "Side Show" among the table-d'hoters at Castles-by-the Sea. Better not let Gil catch you, Lou!

Why did the clever young newspaper man nickname Bernice Elmore, "Bunnie the Dunce?" And hasn't he regretted the pseudonym since?

'Tis reported that Agnes Dunne,—none other than Conky's old partner—and the former wife of Bruce Bethel—has done the matrimonial flip-flop again. And certainly with none other than Phil Elliott, the English boy with the Titian locks who for many months was seen about with Conky during the latter's bachelorhood.

Are there any more paving blocks being thrown at Arthur Lyons, now that he is a full-fledged theatrical promoter-producer-manager?

What a charming couple Syd Hydeman and his little wife do make on the sands of Long Beach, while parading up and down fondling their little pet marmoset. Sid made quite a hit on the beach the Sunday Frank Tinney gave his circus down there. Everyone thought Sid with his little pet was one of the wild animal trainers specially imported for that night's tent show.

We wonder whether Flo Lewis is going to be the featured star with the new Herman Timberg unit on the Shubert vaudeville circuit next season. She would certainly make a sweet little leading lady.

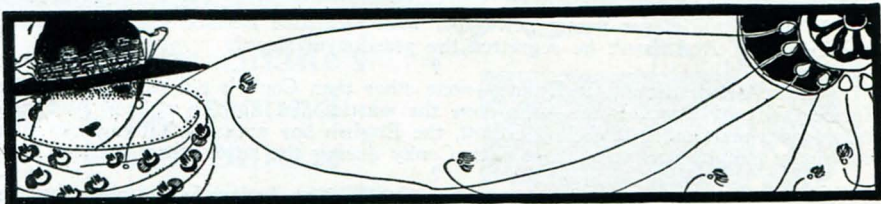
Too bad that the happy home on 92nd street was broken up, isn't it Flo Henry? We had planned many a friendly visit, but could never get around to it. However, now that you are at Murray's, it will be more convenient to drop in some afternoon for tea. Right?

AMERICA'S HEROINE

Nellie Revell, now three years prone on a cot in St. Vincent's Hospital, with an obscure spinal affliction, is America's outstanding heroine. Something truly Spartan must reside in the mind and soul of one still optimistic after three years of what, to most of us, would be inconceivable torture. There's more than that about it, however. Cut off from physical movement and from all of the outside world except that loving part which crowds to her little room, she has fallen back upon the resources of her mind. And not upon the same mind that functioned over her former activities. But upon a mind made marvelously acute and inventive by suffering. No more proof of this is needed than her "Bedside Chats" which have been running in *Variety* for almost a year. No keener wit, more penetrating analysis and scintillating epigram are being written elsewhere today. We think it will be a new Nellie Revell who will come back to Broadway, and that it will be the publishers and not the actors will wait at her door.

On Our Cover: *MAE WEST*

She's still most engagingly young, but we do remember Miss West's former feats in the varieties at the time when she was in the throes of the shimmy epidemic, and did her palpitations in a manner that was the ruin of many a Presbyterian divine. Especially do we recall her work at the Capitol, not long after it opened. Miss West is now in a middle phase of subtler artistry, still infected by the shiver but adorned with much remarkable dramatic exhibition. Recently at the Palace, she accomplished an unbroken triumph, doing her act in protean role, now a "laugh vamp," now a prima donna, comical and serious by turns. In short Miss West was a fine and consummate surprise, with a finesse and versatility, a dashing vitality and sure authority that ought to send the legitimate managers trailing her holding contracts in their hands ready to be autographed by her on the dotted line. By looking at her most fetching pose on our cover, you will admit that Mae is no company for a nervous person.



Three Cheers for "Youtho" and "The Secret of the Desert"

E. Virgil Neal, Colossus of Quackery, Springs Two New Ones

They do say that, for months, good old NUXATED IRON, fathered by that Prince of Quackery, E. Virgil Neal, has been on its last legs.

You no doubt recall, in our last issue, the inside story dealing with this nostrum and with the career of Neal, put out of business by the Federal authorities on many occasions in the past fifteen years on account of his fake operations. For a long time this quack masqueraded under the alias of X. La Motte Sage. But it seems that his genius for quackery is equalled only by his genius for duplicity, for he escaped from every one of his unlawful enterprises with no more than the punishment of a Fraud Order or a fine. Crafty as a fox, advancing years probably told him that only in the higher and more subtly refined phases of hokum lay safety, and so we find him, in or about 1914, engaged in a new and apparently ethical adventure. This was NUXATED IRON, on which for seven long years he has poured the largess of his advertising resources and bedecked with the flower of his matured, inventive cunning. The American Medical Association, of course, has declared again and again that NUXATED IRON is worse than worthless but Neal's profits from its sale to a gullible public have, beyond doubt, run into the millions.

As we said at the beginning, good old NUXATED is now reported to be on its last legs. When we saw, a few weeks ago, the brazen and unethical action of the Liggett Drug Co. in placing its imprint over a "bargain" offer on Nuxated we suspected the worst. On that thrilling occasion we wrote to the head office of the Liggett Co. and asked them their reason for endorsing a preparation denounced by the American Medical Association. They finally made a lame and somewhat apologetic reply, stating that this had occurred through an error. In any case the Liggett endorsement abruptly ceased.

With all these factors loudly forecasting the "finish" of NUXATED one's mind naturally reverts to the tall, neurasthenic, bespectacled Neal in his eyrie at 11 East 36th, and the interrogation arises: "Won't he presently be on the job with a new nostrum?" For NUXATED doubtless will soon be reverently laid away beside the moss-covered graves of "Tokalon," "Neal's Biscuit," "Vitaopathy," "Olivefoam" and the countless other creations of Neal's restless fakery.

Well, it's the funniest thing—one day as we lounged in our editorial chair taking the final pulls from a fine old bottle of Green Stripe, the telephone rang and someone at the other end told us all about Neal's NEW "preparations!"

(Continued on Page 14)



BERENICE ELMORE

(PHOTO BY TORNELLO)

Having recently been acclaimed the most beautiful fashion photographers' model in America, this vivacious young Connecticut society girl will probably be one of the scintillating attractions in the new "Greenwich Village Follies."

Dear readers, female and male, those of you with corns and those of you with wrinkles, be of good cheer! Your deliverance is near at hand. For brother Neal, we are credibly informed, will soon be to the fore with TWO fresh concoctions, one for your corns and the other for your wrinkles. In fact one of the two might fitly be described as Neal's New Wrinkle.

And as a cold matter of icy fact, Neal has already fired the first shot at your aching toes! For the *Daily News* (that growing haven of patent nostrums) tucked away in 6-inch, single column space in its Sunday issue of July 9, a fascinating announcement of

GYPSY FOOT RELIEF

A Secret from the Desert

Nothing in or at the foot of the ad. gives intimation of the proprietorship of "Gypsy Foot Relief." You are told to apply for it at certain drug-stores named, among them our old playmates, the Liggett Co., who seem to have, by all we can hear, a cynical attitude towards the buying public you might suppose they would be anxious to protect.

This is, of course, only the "opening gun" on "The Secret of the Desert." No doubt, a little later, we shall hear from Neal's irresponsible advertising bureau that some Bedouin or other, with bad feet from doing too much walking on the Sahara, was taken off into a corner by one of Neal's scouts and teased into parting from his secret formula for making sore "dogs" as good as new. . . . Wait and see!

Well, so much for that. Listen closely while we tell about the "other" mixture that your old pal has almost ready for you.

It's something with a punch, exceeding all past performances of hokum's master-mind. It's going to hit you right between the eyes, on the solar plexus, and also flat on the jaw.

Should our information be accurate—and we have no reason to doubt it—Neal is about to crown his career with an elixir that will put Ponce de Leon in the scrap-heap, make old rounders cut up like a colt in a pasture, wipe Professor Metchnikoff off the historical map and delete Bishop Butler's Tar Water—guaranteed, as Macaulay says, to "make old rakes young again"—from the annals of English medicine.

For—hold your sides a minute!—Neal will soon begin publicity on

Y O U T H O

the foe and Nemesis of senescence! With "Youtho" within reach, old age is to become a laugh. One bottle of this preparation, and Johnny Hoagland, Dave Lamar and Arthur Hammerstein would start spinning tops on the floor or licking candy sticks! One bottle, and elderly *histriones* such as Norah Bayes, Eve Tanguay and Grace LaRue would start putting ribbon bow-knots on their back hair or making mud-puddles on Times Square! Senility will be abolished as soon as Liggett's get "Youtho" stacked on their shelves.

By gurry! can you beat this bird? And he gets away with it!

There's just one thing we're curious about. As related in our July article, Neal has been taking treatments from a chiropractor for a long period. Totally disregarding NUXATED—that dynamo of punch and pep.

WILL NEAL TRY "YOUTHOTH?"

All we can say is that WE are going to try "Youthoth"—thoroughly. But not by dosage. We are going to "try it out," in another way. We are going to try to discover whether there is really ANY available means of protection for a credulous public. And whether E. Virgil Neal can, with impunity, continue to unload his preposterous nostrums unchecked.

ANTE-MORTEM STATEMENTS

"Watch me tickle his hind foot—that mule can't kick"
 "Betcha I can lean two feet farther out of the window than you"
 "It isn't loaded, and I'll prove it to you"
 "Tilt the canoe a little more—it can't upset"
 "Watch me go out in the undertow and make the life-saver jealous"
 "Let me sit by the window—lightnin' can't touch this kid"
 "Let's have the wheel, and I'll show you how to round that corner"
 "Sure, I'll sleep like a top after the cucumbers and milk"
 "Listen to me call him a 'wop' while he's shavin' me"
 "Watch me hold this mouthful of tacks and drink while I'm doin' it"
 "Give her the gas—the drawbridge is closed"
 "Dangerous? You're crazy—see me kick that third rail"
 "The stuff's all right—give me the first drink"
 "Just for a joke I'll ride down in the dumb waiter."



Beaux-Arts

40th Street and Sixth Avenue

Announces the Grand Opening of the
SUMMER GARDEN

8th Floor

Newly Equipped Kitchen - High Class Service

DINNER

SUPPER

Roof Dances during and throughout the evening

ORIGINAL AND SMART ENTERTAINMENT

Open Daily at 6 P. M. including Sundays



They do say there's over \$60,000 posted on the board at the Lambs.

"Hurry and get it, lady," piped the conductor on a crowded Fifth avenue bus—"don't you see that gentleman has just evacuated his seat?"

There's many a slip 'twixt the hip and the lip!

"Drink to me only with thine ice" cooed the iceman's sweetie.

Said Harry: "My card at the club's running out but I can easily get it extenuated."

A very good story bobs up far in the wake of that Equity Benefit at the Metropolitan. It seems John Charles Thorras, a well known ten minute egg, had been asked to appear, and one of the polite conditions was that he should render popular airs. Johnny wasn't agreeable to that, and wired the committee, "Pagliacci or nothing." They finally wired back: "All right, nothing."

It never rains but someone pours.

NEGLECTED CORRECTION

In our May issue we stated it was rumored that Julia Sanderson had had a "face lifting." Julia mailed us shortly thereafter her card with the following indignation written on it: "Report is discredited by those who have opportunity to make intimate investigation." . . . Don't you love that "intimate investigation?" Sorry, Julia, but younger wrens than thee are doin' it!

OUR NEW ADVERTISING SLOGANS

(Tendered Gratis to the \$16.00 Per Advtg. Hacks)

TRY OUR BOOLAX ONCE AND YOU'LL NEVER TRY ANY OTHER.

OUR CLOTHES ARE ALL READY TO WEAR OUT.

YOU CAN'T GET STUNG ON ONE OF OUR MATTRESSES.

TAKE OUR SOAP TO THE TRACK AND CLEAN UP.

WE STAND BEHIND EVERY BED WE SELL.

USE OUR GLUE FOR THAT STICKY FEELING.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW NEVER COME BACK WHEN CAMPBELL BURIES 'EM.

WEAR O'SULLIVANS AND YOU'LL BE WELL-HEELED.

OUR BUNS HAVE A REAL KICK.

GET PICKLED ON OUR HERRING.

OUR EX-LUX PUTS PEP IN TIRED FEET.

ASK DAD—IF HE'S SOBER HE KNOWS.

HAVE YOU A LITTLE FAIRY IN YOUR CAST?

THE SKINS YOU LOVE TO TOUCH.



SYLVIA FIELD

This accomplished girl, now leading lady of "The Cat and the Canary" at National Theatre, one of the hits of the season, has had, despite her apparent youthfulness, a distinguished series of roles. She made her debut three years ago in one of the leading parts of "The Betrothal," next appearing in "Thunder" and later adorning "Turn to the Right." Afterwards Miss Field played stock in Canada. Her biggest success antedating her present role was in "Welcome Stranger," a notable dramatic triumph. Miss Fields' work in "The Cat and the Canary" has elicited the plaudits of the critics, and makes each night's audience in love with her girlish sweetness.

ALEXANDER OUMANSKY

STUDIO - 110 WEST 47TH STREET

TELEPHONE - - BRYANT 9339

Ballet Master

Capitol Theatre

N. - Y. - C.

Who is it Jack Duffy means when he croons, "My Girl?"

* * *

What's the big news on "Dash Inn?" A certain midnight show seems to make the place a rendezvous.

* * *

Whose apartment is known as "Chateau Delayem," and who gave it that name?

* * *

Isn't Helen O'Brien's song, "Grieving For You" rather old? What say, Helen?

* * *

Who is it makes you sicker than anyone else on earth? Answer—all together—"That hideous pest, Babe Ruth!"



"I Love Every Ache In My Body," Wrote B. H.

STORY OF THE INFATUATED DIVA

This entrancing and highly exclusive tale is all about a little lady, living sweetly with her hubby on Central Park West. The little lady is that somewhat curious organism, a concert, or if you like it better, opera diva, and is soon to hurl her cantilena proscenium-ward in a new musical comedy to make its debut on Broadway, built especially for her. (We mean the show, not Broadway.) Well, like most songbirds of the female gender she possesses a romantic nature. Hubby is a nice, quiet, conventional business man, and while he supplies the wads of kale necessary to keep the ice-box well stocked and the landlord cordial, he is probably deficient in those other most vital amorous properties without which no fair or even ugly lady can long be intrigued. We say probably deficient, for we know of no other reason that would send Mlle. Soprano cooing towards a certain pluggy, grizzled and middle-age actor, once with an enormous flair on Broadway, who, to make it still more in-trik-ate, possesses a cunning little matrimonial trick of his own. Well, to get back to the dirty work, our fair diva, in one of those attacks of dementia that affect the most cautious *intriguante*, started writing love-notes to Mr. Actor, some of these heated epistles taking form and substance in the far west. The French maxim, "Never write a letter and never tear one up" was apparently unknown to the diva, and the result of the whole shooting match is that our aged eyes, a week or two ago, had the interesting privilege of rolling through one of these amorous *billet doux*, the envelope,

bearing no postmark, obviously delivered by messenger. And it is some letter for a perfectly good wedded lady to write! One of the sentences reads: "*Since last night I love every ache in my body.*" And much more along the same line. In fact the contents of the missive, in toto, contain enough dynamite to blow up a couple of hundred hearth-stones, and any doubt as to the identity of the fair correspondent would be dispelled by the blue and gold monogram on the corner of the sky-tinted stationery. If you will take the four letters, B.H.R.E. and shuffle them round at your own pleasure, who knows that they might not fall into proper position something in the style of the jumping capitals on the curtain at the movies. Or you might leave them just as they are and derive satisfactory results. If you are deprived of the pleasure of further details in BREVITIES maybe it will be atoned for on the front pages of the *Daily News* or *American* some fine day soon. But should this fail, you will find full names and copy of the burning love-letter in our September issue.

* * *

Oh, and here's another hunk of gossip from the Goldwyn's. Claire Windsor's done gone and bobbed her blonde tresses. They were black in a recent picture with Milton Sills, but we suppose there was a reason for that. Everything was black for poor Milt in that movie, anyway.

* * *

If you'll spare our lives just a wee bit longer we'll gurgle another peachy bit of news. Helene Chadwick says when she has a hard weeping scene before the camera she's gloomy the rest of the day. We remember being gloomy for two whole weeks after seeing Helene's work in a recent picture.

DEATH IN LIFE

Paul Simonetto, a Sing Sing inmate, was placed under the X-ray yesterday and found to have a deceased jawbone. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

* * *

Old John D. Rockefeller has just celebrated, his 83d birthday. Think how much older he might be had he smoked and drank all his life!

* * *

Anything that will "make a dog laugh" is presumed to possess the quintessence of risibility. Well, if this holds true, every bow-wow in America must be howling its head off at the present moment. For the canine population must have heard of Flo Ziegfeld's diatribes against the marriage of Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford. The unique Ziggy is all het up about it. He says: "She could have picked a real man. She is taking awful chances." Wouldn't that puncture your tin Lizzie? FLO ZIEGFELD, Jr. rebuking sin! FLO ZIEGFELD, Jr. boosting the moral sanctity of the American home! Let us laugh along with the dogs. Let us explode with the canines. Let Lily Lorraine in on the howls. We hold no brief for Jack Pickford, but we'll say this that if ever Jack had an opportunity to make

himself popular, and to secure complete vindication of his record, is able to uncork a good wallop and won't mind a ten dollar fine at 54th street—God has given him his chance!

* * *

Sir Harry Lauder is coming over in October for his 17th annual tour of the United States....Item from *N. Y. Times*, July, 1940: "We hear that Sir Harry Lauder is coming over in October for his 35th annual tour of the United States. It is whispered that Madame Bernhardt sails on the same boat, and that the famous pair will be seen in a special production of "Hamlet" by Al. Woods. One of the novelties of the production (said to be Mr. Woods' own idea) is a bedroom scene, Mr. Woods' first return to boudoir specialties since he swore off four-posters eighteen years ago. The melancholy Dane will be played by Harry Weber on alternate nights."

* * *

Hurrah! Lucille Chalfante has a job. In the autumn—Greenwich Follies. Let's all hope she won't sing.

* * *

How doth Jimmy R. get along, muses "Bebe," since Hi B. hath migrated to Bosting?



CAPITOL

BROADWAY at 51st STREET

World's largest, most beautiful Motion Picture Palace

EDWARD J. BOWES, Managing Director

The superior in pictures in conjunction with the
CAPITOL GRAND ORCHESTRA
Erno Rapee, conductor
CAPITOL BALLET CORPS
Alexander Oumansky, Ballet Master
Mlle. Gambarelli, Ballerina
Doris Niles and Thalia Zanou.
 Soloists

Presentations by **S.L. ROTHAFEL**



“DIRTY DAVE”

Further Tales of the Pink-Eyed Wolf

OUR old friend, “Dirty Dave” is a busy man. With our limited space we can, now and again, find room for a few of his exploits. He’s making history so fast, however, each night that it would take a BREVITIES of 1,000 pages per issue to report in detail his adventures in the half-world of dirty necks and synthetic throat tonic. This time we are able to allot a little extra space to the “Wolf,” so as to sort of bring him up to date and if you care to read the rot, why, you’re welcome as the *furunculæ* in February!

Dave hath a wife. Oh, that’s positive. Wife has been in these regions now for several months, making the hegira from her far-off New England home principally because she’d read all about her dear husband in BREVITIES—about the churches he was building, his donations to the Prohibition fund and his many acts of sweetness, refinement and geniality. Oh, my yes—she’s here.

Dave likes ‘em rough and dirty, and has, in spite of wife and the police courts, been holding up his end pretty well through the Winter, spring and early summer solstice. How he has escaped a busted coco or being held up with one of his carloads of kale, God only knows. His operations on the street, incidentally, are said to have been more brilliant than ever, and it is no unusual thing for him to light his cigar with a “grand.” Any time at all, a coat girl can depend on a twenty, while five orchestras are said to have retired to summer homes at Larchmont on the 5 a.m. kick-ins of the Wolf.

Dave had a funny experience in his hotel a few weeks ago. His chief bootlegger called; Dave and his wife answered the door. “Here’s your order” said Bootie—“and by the way, Mr. L. would you mind slipping me for that bottle I delivered to Betty Hudson the other day?” That little break is said to have hung a new lavalliere on wife’s throat.

’Nother night, Dave was giving a gay party to a Judge—imagine it, a *Judge!*—at Club Maurice. Late in the festivities came a fight, Dave grabbed a bottle, it broke in his mitt—and he had to run up to the Adlon and have Doc. Klein take some stitches.

But the best story of all—now told k.o. for the first time—is how Dave gave the air to his old girl, Betty Hudson. You remember that yarn in the papers about Dave’s party in a 49th street restaurant, when he was charged with beaming a dame with a bottle. Present on this occasion were Dave and Betty and Johnny H—— and one of the numerous Taylor Sisters—also, of course, plenty “Old” Taylor. Well, the Taylor doll, it seems, was making up a bit to Dave, and Helen got sore. Then came a free-for-all scrap, with the result that Dave threw Betty out of the party, and later picked up a bundle of herring called Jean Tyler, said to have been attired in a gingham dress, plus run-down heels. This charming little bit of femininity is said to have kept Dave company for one whole week thereafter.



DORIS NILES

Character dancer in the Capitol Theatre Ballet, where her clever work has created a strong following in the two years there. Miss Niles was formerly with the Morgan Dancers. She is an artiste of distinction and still greater promise.

WALTER KINGSLEY

Boccaccio writing Sunday ads for the Decameron Sisters. Casanova strolling with Sappho in the Gardens of Esculapius at a Vestal Virgins' clinic. Sir John Suckling immortalising the little feet that peep in and out, but would cover them with Miller's pumps. Donned the Overalls heard round the World. Laureate of Hebe and of Helen, the Central Sun in whose amorous rays butterflies stagger to the Footlight Zenith. Catapulted from the keys of his Underwood a thousand skirted Nit-Wits have tasted the ether of Stardom. Deifier of Beauty and Intellect, yet his Greek-like swings into space leaving them yelling for Flat-Parties and Roseland. Owner of the world's most annotated Red Book his telephone contract, on a direct line, would be 300,000 messages a year, overplussed by the incoming. Hid in Freudian inscrutability behind his horn-rimmed, only a bland and Presbyterian naivete exudes. Wasting and scattering extraordinary powers on the unsoaped ephemerae of the foots. Deadly disability: Ducking for his Dobbs after your stay is two-minutes long—and sometimes you don't go back.



J. C. BONNER TO HAVE HIS OWN HOTEL

The many friends of J. C. Bonner will be pleased to know that he will open a new hotel in Philadelphia, next March, under his personal direction, to be called the Sylvania. Mr. Bonner will be remembered as the former manager of the Ritz in Philly, and at present assistant manager of the Ritz in Atlantic City. He is known as one of the foremost, most competent and affable hotel directors in the country.

* * *

Man fainted dead away yesterday while reading a newspaper. It was found he had run across a picture of society women, none of whom had her legs crossed and her skirt several inches above her knees.

MR. ROTHAFEL RISES TO REMARK

S. L. Rothafel, the Edison of the moving picture, made a spirited address not long since at the convention of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers. The great expert of "Presentations" at the Capitol said some notable things, among them being that in ten years as an artistic production the screen will rival grand opera, that it will become the greatest educational force in the whole world. Mr. Rothafel made the interesting prophecy that the moving picture house of the future will be without stage, balcony or boxes, egg-shaped, and will accommodate perhaps 5,000 persons at one time.

* * *

That heading the other day, "Two Girls Dying Side By Side In Bellevue," illuminated in striking fashion the pitiful side of the great city. An old song told of "the city of sighs and tears," and but too true it is that, hid behind the gay human panorama of the bright lights of Broadway, moves another world with broken hopes and hearts for its portion. Yet you could scarcely believe this other world exists while you stand by the doors of the theatres and cabarets and note

the gay thousands going in and out, or pause for a half hour to watch Broadway's merry river run down to its nightly sea of abandon. But there on the two cots in Bellevue lay Anna Duane, a 19 year old performer, and Margaret Bulkley not yet twenty-five, washed up out of the eddying tides of the city. Both had swallowed bichloride and both still wanted to die. You will know ere this appears in print whether they died or lived. The point is the moral—and that a vast one. Behind the tragedy almost always the Man, sometimes to blame and sometimes not, but—the Man. The little moths, young and old, have a sure doom set. Whether they dig for gold, or sacrifice for love,—a sure doom. How good it would be if they might have burnt in their brain, as with vitriol, that word BEWARE! For the wages of sin is death, and no hectic Broadway and no country lane can dodge it.

* * *

Carroll McComas used to irritate us terribly when she appeared on the local stage, and our bosom bulges with satisfied sighs to learn that she has been given by God in marriage. One of Carroll's feats was whistling, but she never could whistle hard enough to keep our courage up. Carroll was a heavy burden. And Carroll's no chick any longer.

* * *

The Earl Carroll Funeral Theatre, after having successfully interred "Bavu," Mrs. Woodruff, and "The Pin Wheel" in unbroken succession, decided a couple of weeks ago to penetrate the black belt. So they gave the air to Dixie Hines, the "Pin Wheel's" well known undertaker (also mortician in charge on the deceased "Montmartre") and opened the wings for "Strut Miss Lizzie" a chocolate adumbration imported from the Times Square. We are writing this item on the 11th day of July. We go to press on the 19th. Will the compo please space three lines at the foot of this item for another probable funeral notice.

"SOUR GRAPES" FOR THE HUSBAND OF BILLY BURKE!

Every regular man and all sympathetic womankind in New York must surely regard with amazement and disgust the attempts of Flo Ziegfeld to inject his "sour grapes" into the wedding plans of that brilliant actress and sweet girl, Marillyn Miller. Indeed you could hardly believe, even knowing "Flo," that he would descend to the depths of despicability he has done. On another page we have recommended to Jack Pickford this one grand chance of his life—if he has any steam in his right fist—to rehabilitate himself (admitting that were needed) in the good graces of his countrymen. Americans have always stood for fair play, and, where a woman is concerned, for the extreme of justice, respect and decency. Of these things Flo Ziegfeld apparently knows nothing. Mrs. Pickford, in more than one interview, has hinted at "sour grapes," and those Broadwayites familiar with the inner workings of the New Amsterdam Theatre building are not unaware that, ever since the death of her young husband Frank Carter, Miss Miller has had many and extended attentions lavished on her by "Flo." It was at Christmas, a year back, that he is said to have presented her with an exquisite Oriental vase, costing into the thousands. To her credit, be it said, Miss Miller has never shown the faintest intimation of more than a business interest in "Flo," and her final decision to marry Pickford has evidently stirred all the bile lying below "Flo's" blue sport collar. There can be no question that Broadway is for Marillyn and Jack and hot against the Czar of the "Follies" who has pulled a bloomer that will prove one of the biggest boomerangs of his long and checkered career.

* * *

Marillyn Miller withdrew from the "Sally" at *Colonial*, Boston, on the 15th, to take a well-earned vacation.

* * *

Was the mysterious "gentleman" in apartment 82 at the Grenoble, really the husband? And was that "gentleman" really such a shadow boxer and razor swallower as claimed?

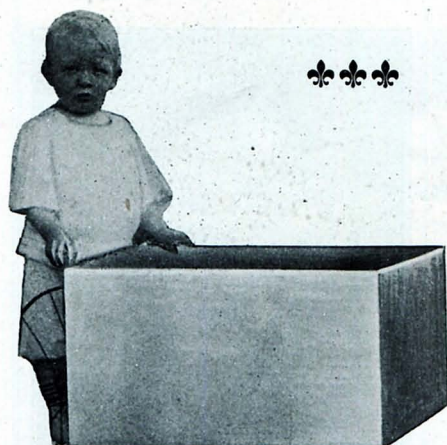
* * *

Soon to be published by song-sharps Goodman & Rose will be "Since I Lost and Found You on Broadway" from the pen of Artie Leeming of "Spice of 1922," whose photograph appears in this issue.



ARTIE LEEMING

Featured as a specialty dancer in "Spice of 1922" with great success, will be one of the numerous stars of the coming "Passing Show of 1922." Artie was in "Hitchy-Koo" and in Lew Fields' "Lonely Romeo" as the rube comic and in other notable productions. A boy, as they say, that "will bear watching."



Revealing
FRANKIE CAMPBELL

at the tender age of two years, pushing what appears to be a toy coffin, thus showing his early predilections for the various phenomena of death, embalming, planting and "arrangements."



Intimate Story of the Rise of Caesar Campbell and the Rise, Decline and Fall of Cassius Baer

—II—

By ARTHUR BRIGHAM ROSE

—II—

(CONTINUED FROM JULY ISSUE)

FROM DARKEST 23rd TO BUSY 16th

*"Upon thine altar then return,
And leave thee sleeping in thine urn"*

Having concluded the first segment of our narration seething with the camouflage smolder caused from smutchy publicity hokes, let us rove from the Crystal Palace at Murrays' abutments, and Walk a Mile to Campbell's!

"Caesar," upon the eventful occasion of the transition from darkest 23rd to brighter 66th, declared, "Behold! I Caesar have given origin to a new order of burial schemes." What a long and lingering perfume!!!

Nothing is more inimical to an agglomerate, impenetratable understanding, than the vintage of a supposed "new idea."

As to this especial harmonica solo, we aver that in Ancient Tuscany when our ancestors threw cocoanuts at one another, and in later periods, orphan trepan strategists, plied their trade in manner suchwise, with possible omissions of devices and stratagems such as we are about to regale the gentle reader with.

More specifically about the jazbo that Campbell originally conceived the idea of an emporium where the sweet deceased can repose with all the conveniences of Church and Home, examination discloses and reveals.

At Sakkara during the dynasty (2980 B.C.) in Babylonia among the Greeks—in the Selencia period, and in Rome, Nubia and Syria after the 1 and 11 dynasties not to mention the later establishments right in our own United Provinces: Oliver Bair of Philadelphia; Bonney Watson of Seattle; Jim Winterbottom; Stephen



A curious crowd collected about one of Frankie's "Montrosses," wondering how in hell he ever got from \$500 to \$3,000 apiece for those goldarned containers.

Merritt of Manhattan; and Fairchild & Sons of Brooklyn, plus a possible 200 others, were handling cadavers according to Huyler long ere Frank Ellis Campbell determined to whitewash the Raines Law Hotel at 1970.

The site selected for this new Widow glucose impingement, was the hotel W—By no means a toothsome edifice—on the contrary, it was pea green, cryptic, foreboding and somewhat odoriferous.

One of the fast disappearing chewing-tobacco emporiums with a special entrance 'round the corner.

Scarlet progenitors who ambled through the side entrance with Helen of Joy or her posterity, bedecked the register with a fetching scroll.

Naturally, Frank cogitated about the kind of incense and fumigation required. Consultation with an architect resulted in a charge of \$2,000 with a set of blue prints for proposed structural changes.

Now for the Bad News!

The Leonard Construction Company requested the modish sum of \$75,072.35 for their end of the job and the following addenda were also required—

Iron work	\$6,048.53	Caen Stone Bronze.....	120.30
Interior Telephone	1,563.00	Search Lights	120.00
Marble	1,730.40	Elevator Indicators	110.00
Rugs	3,248.25	Soap & Paper Holders.....	104.20
Draperies	3,192.00	Portiere	100.00
Furniture	6,162.80	Lamp Shade, Chair, etc.....	97.00
Accessories	3,102.00	Mirrors & Hat Rack.....	160.00
Portable Floor Lamps.....	843.00	Drapes	61.33
Light Fixtures	750.00	Morgue Sink	99.00
Show Window Reflectors.....	410.00	Cast Iron Letters.....	82.00
Pews	315.00	Vault Door	65.00
Glazing	267.65	Leaded Dome Light.....	33.75
Painting	205.84	Nitrogen Lamps	22.68
Hot Water Boiler.....	165.75	Lumber	12.67
Hardware	6.53		

When our hero meditated upon the foregoing specifications, he almost took a pleasant ride with Santos Dumont.

How in the H. E. double scratch was he going to do it?

Mr. Edgar L. Berry, the then installed efficiency chef, called in a trio of C.P.A.'s. Twenty-one days of research into the conglomerate mass of documentary papyrus of the Frank E. Campbell & Stephen Merritt Emb. Inst. of N. Y., netted the recommendation by Berry to bury the *refero* monumentum, *historia* and *annales*.

Nevertheless, it was conceded that the aforementioned combine possessed \$10,573.36 in cash, \$15,000 in moneys receivable, and equipment of the reasonable (?) valuation of \$37,303.40.

Two banks, a casket company and *persona grata* among our financial panties conspicuously figured in the obligation thus assumed.

With one lusty swing of the shovel, the somber rigmarole of pledging and hypothecating everything down to a spare suit of B.V.D.'s as collateral security, was accomplished.

To top this off, F.E.C. installed a pneumatic tube system so that messages of condolence and prognostication could be despatched with all possible speed through the various chambers in the premises, also a confidential dictaphone for the purpose of listening to the sibilant paregoric of the cash custom and employees???

The straining for effect was flabbergasting! So were the price tags!

Finally the transition had become an intelecchy.

When therefore, Frank had successfully arranged his props for the Grand Opening he ambidexterously switched on the \$2,179.43 worth of leaded dome, search and portable floor lights intending to dumfounder and stagger blase Broadway.

Instead, he staggered under the strain of the accounts payable concealed in his vest pockets.

The hokes were ostensibly for the attraction of the Refined Extract of Rubber. For the howling mob, first timerously and then defiantly, assembled to view this most extraordinary spectacle.

Every known variety of the specie of the *genus homo* came to view Impresario Campbell who with the air of conscious conviction of the super producer, attired in regulation cutaway, perambulated in the spacious foyer.

The audience viewed the genuflexions and alluring poses of the embalmers and funeral directors carefully stationed, and a good time was had by all.

Not a "Stiff" in Sight!

What a pity that divine personification of perfection from the Limburger regions was not among those present?

Unfortunately the cohorts of Kaiser Bill were not in especial favor on the occasion, and Frank had not yet annexed the Baer to his coterie of select morticians.

Well folks, after the ball was over, when the primal dip in spring water and the cocktail of creation had lost its potency and become obscure in the *medulla oblongata* of F.E.C., the tocsin call of creditors could be vividly heard echoing among the objects of art decorating this veritable haven for decedents.

Campbell was deeply aggrieved.

Gotham's dead for some reason or other declined the hospitality of this gallip-tious emporium.

Frank threw back his leonine head and worked his manly jutting chin in pitiful supplication to the tune "Where Do We Go From Here Boys."

Oft' he joined the nymphs and water sprites across the way at the Marie Antoinette. These were days of abject poverty for Mrs. Campbell, who did all that was humanly possible to preserve the seemingly doomed *gesheft* even to the extent of piloting a duster and such other sanitary addenda with her own palms and digits.

Eventually a cadaver or two found its way into 1970. Frank became more cheerful. He at once installed a new efficiency man, this time a Mister Miller.

One bright summer's day (the year 1916) while our hero Frank Campbell was resisting the passionate wooing of the United States District Court and simultaneously giving the I.O.U. variety of papyrus the once over, the U. S. Mail delivered a formidable pronunciamiento.

This assiduously declared that a casket company in Hagerstown, Md. had succumbed to the jurisdiction of the U. S. District Court, as a *corpus qui non est solvendo*, and thus had for conveyance, by bill of sale, some twelve hundred (1200) MONTROSS CASKETS.

Gentlemen, this is the most important announcement Campbell ever received.

Frank regarded this with little force but great acrimony. Said he, "This is certainly the Cat's meow of a boob beguiler"—this wins the formaldehyde eyebrow lotion."

Mrs. Campbell who was occupying a seat in juxtaposition to her formidable spouse, with her sharp-eyed, clear visualizing craftsmanship and feminine intuition exclaimed "*Frank, for God's sake, get an airship! You're holding four aces and a ioker against a laydown, with the dealer chloroformed and a flush up your sleeve!*"

Miller, the efficiency man, was the meditative flower with money making acumen who threw innumerable hand grenades of optimism and *argumentum* in favor of scooping this offering.

The noble Frank refused to be worked up to the proper pitch of agreeable response—and wiped a melancholy nose.

While Frank was hooking his bicuspid over the brim of a container of prophylactic seltzer lemonade, disporting himself on the average plan, this prophesier Miller, boarded a train for Hagerstown Maryland, and in spite of, in privation, without presignifying to, the omnipotent omniscient, that he intended so to do, signed the dotted line as agent for hero Frank.

Did Frankie open wide the doors, and clean the mat of his heart to Miller, the crystal gazing clairvoyant occult, who through supernormal thought photography had visualized the hundreds of thousands in wampum his unappreciative and unwilling "Castor" was to liquidate directly from this Montross transaction???

In the language of Margaret of the Navarre Hotel, that's another story!

A large quantity of chilly air greeted Achates Miller—He was called everything down to a dish of beaten whites of eggs.

Frank Turns in a Holler to Mohammed

Think of it!!! after closing a deal procuring 1200 montross caskets at 10 iron washers per throw, which same Montross subsequently brought as *quid pro quo*, 3200 gold simoleons at occasion, you could hear the ozone reverberate to the tune of Frank's cuss words for blocks—culminating with Miller being directed to the nearest exit.

When later, Frank pocketed \$1,000-\$2,000-\$3,000 per "sarcoph" for these sarcophagii, he smacked his lips and made *post facto* declamations about how all wise and prognostic his associates were!

But, at the time under consideration, Frank was obliged to go out and hustle up some 20,000 pesos to pay for these carloads of Montross.

Not wishing to engender a case of justifiable homicide, we shall refrain from revealing the identity of the gendarme who supplied the mazuma.

Even with the 2,000 Montross containers gloomily stacked in his burial depot, will you, dear reader, pause for a moment and think of the situation by which Bre'r Campbell was confronted.

2,000 Montrosses piled row on row—and not a funeral in sight! Water, water everywhere but not a corpse to plant. Bre'r Campbell felt like the Admiral of the Swiss Navy. He felt like an Esquimaux with a thousand tons of ice presented to him as a Xmas gift. He felt like a dealer in fireworks on the 3rd of July who has just bought through a misunderstanding three carloads of cannon crackers. Desperate diseases required desperate remedies—and down on his knees he went.

Knowing that God would never approve this "bargain sale" of coffins, he decided to address Mohammed instead. He had heard that Mohammed's coffin was suspended 'twixt heaven and earth, and suspected that if anyone would be in a position to understand an undertaking deal Mohammed would be the boy.

"BEHOLD THY SERVANT," he prayed to the Moslem oracle. "*Behold thy servant with 1200 perfectly good Montross containers on hand, slipped over at an average of ten fish apiece! And not a case of Bright's disease, floating kidney, valvular lesion or arterio sclerosis anywhere in sight! Rememberest thou the Hebrew faithful who prayed unceasingly for manna, Elijah on his Chinese forty days and nights supplicating a rainfall, Jonah in the whale's intestines—lo, thy servant is in harder case than any of these. Thy servant prays that thou, therefore, may send pestilence, famine and flood upon Manhattan, that its bowels may erupt in earthquake, that not one stone be left upon another—FOR THE MONTROSSSES MUST BE FILLED OR I PERISH!*" But let thy servant add the important postscript that thine Angel of Destruction may pass by the threshold of 1970 Broadway, for otherwise this deponent may be the first to occupy one of the overstock containers."

The Gigantic Hoax of the Three Nurses!

Having revealed the amiable hokus-pocus concerning the Montross transaction, we now come to an occasion, the like of which has ne'er been recorded in the annals of fact or fiction—one of the most incredible and in the opinion of this chronicler, one of the basest deceptions inflicted upon a galaxy of belauding unrelated bereaved.

It is the notorious episode of the Three Nurses. These three ardent and self-sacrificing angels of mercy had started out on the long trek to minister in the trenches of France to the brave boys suffering and dying there.

They sailed on the transport "Mongolia" from Hoboken. And with no thought of the awful tragedy that was, a few hours later, to offer up their own lives in melancholy oblation. A defective gun aboard the transport exploded—snuffing out their lives in the twinkling of an eye.

Their lifeless forms were brought back to New York—to the establishment of Frank E. Campbell.

Did F.E.C. cherish and eulogise, as a patriot might, the glorious remains of these heroic dead?

Did F.E.C. unbend upon this remorseless retrospection?

Did F.E.C. *fete champetre* this splendid sacrifice?

Did he abandon and sink his unholy thirst for funerals—forget for a moment the *remunerative value* of the occasion?

Not on your greasy vest! He licked his lips, and began at once to plan for another of the advertising stunts that are his pet specialty. Deep down in the throat a hoarse but gleeful chuckle connoted that the Associated Press would have assault without quarter.

The intrinsically inconsequential factor that the bodies of these heroines were lying in state at Campbell's ponderously was emphasized and made the shibboleth and battle cry of Campbell and his press agents.

Photographs pictorially portraying the chambers of Campbell were grappled by the dailys in which our hero had entry. Finally the bountiful and beneficent humanitarian advertised that a "Special Service" would be held over the Three Nurses at 8 p.m.

But listen to the HOKE!

Before the clock in Campbell's had struck 7 on this eventful evening the bodies of the three martyr nurses, in execution of definite and direct instructions from their

bereaved, were upon trains headed for western destinations—en route to the homes they had once inhabited and adorned.

NOW—Frank Campbell knew this! His associates, employees, aides and confederates KNEW that at 8 p.m. the bodies were 50 miles away from the Funeral Church!!!

Did they advise and notify the bono publico? Was a plain and Frank explanation given? In the patois of the pave, DID THEY TELL ANYBODY?

Not on your double-grip garters!

At 8 p.m. the chapel of the Funeral Church was jammed to overflow with an assembly of unrelated bereaved, in acceptance of this invitation to pay respects to the three girls who had made the supreme offering upon the altar of patriotism.

A dignified assembly of heterogeneous people hoked into coming so that the impressiveness of this holy occasion would result in practical and direct advertising of the audacious and enterprising burial foundry!

Among those present were the usual number of Nosey-Persons, Butt-Ins, Curious and Inquisitive females who idealize great grief and sorrow.

Here was Campbell's opportunity!!

Unblushingly, three empty caskets were painstakingly arranged before the altar in the chapel.

The spectators and assembled congregation were shamefully misled and deceived into supposing that these empties, contained the bodies of the deceased in whose sacred memory they were thus witness, and adding defamation to unequivocal deception, the red white and blue emblem of these United Provinces, was draped about these hollow coffins, while the organ tooted doloroso.

An administro servio, a Clerus with his flowing and pious robes, ambulated amid these beguiling symbols of treachery, making mesmeric passes the while he expostulated, and fortissimo delivered a requiem, with a well directed aim at the tear ducts of these hoodwinked, emotional worshippers.

We told a little way back of Campbell's prostration on his Chinese before Mohammed, praying for pestilence, flood and famine to ease him out of his hole on the overstock of Montrosses.

Mohammed was hep—and Frank's supplications blossomed in one of the most devastating epidemics of Influenza in all time.

Lowering the curtain on this perfidy, we now pass on to the following Fall.

The Great Epidemic That "Made" Frank

The Fall ushered in the slimy oozing morbus of pestilentia—The ghastly life-destroying bacteria, which proved a Belshazzars Feast for our casket trafficker.

The economic law of supply and demand disported itself to the uttermost ramification of unholy greed.

Frank was the solitary affluent mercator of *arcula idis*, independent of the closely pooled organizations, and consequently the bewildered and grief-stricken flocked to 1970, in panicky hosts.

Cadavers were removed to 1970, in touring cars—in wagons—in every form of perambulate conveyance.

And so many as 48 decedents in a single day were transported to F.E.C.'s headquarters.

Campbell doubled his staff and simultaneously doubled their pay.

The increase in honorarium was chiefly expended for 160 proof *Schnapps* and wassail for flu prevention. And these aides wobbled about utterly exhausted while a trio of hardy persons with vulpine vivacity shoveled the wampum into special receptacles provided for this purpose.

At such intervals when the modish sum of \$2,000 or more of gold simoleons was received in payment for one of the above-mentioned Montross caskets, the thud of the aforesaid \$2,000 landing in the old sock could be heard rebounding through the entire building.

The U. S. Mint by comparison, resembled a game of poker with a five cent limit.

Campbell cleared his obligations with spontaneity.

During this reign of horror, Anna Held, Harold Lockwood, Paul Keith, Frank W. Woolworth, and numerous other celebrities, succumbed, and were buried from our hero's establishment. All of which added great prestige, prominence and considerable stretching of the rubber band around the already distended roll.

Naturally, this overflow of trade brought with it a number of pardonable mishaps—such as:

Dropping an occupied casket by pall-bearers.

Occupied Montross falling from wagon *enroute* to cemetery.

Losing all trace of a sweet deceased for several days, the while he reposed among the bric-a-brac, and impedimenta embellishing the spacious basement.

The horrifying spectacle of a Campbell subject rising suddenly in his container at the critical moment when his sorrowing widow had expressed a desire to gaze once more long and lingeringly upon his inanimate visnomy.

But, with all this—our illustrious comrade, prior to the annexation of Berthold A. Baer, was Virtue and Purity itself.

This Prussian compared to Campbell would be like comparing Trotsky to Lloyd George—and I beg pardon of Trotsky for even mentioning him in comparison with the odious Berthold.

(The Baer facts will be published in the September issue.)

STUDIO OVERHEARDS

"Stop your crying Stella! He wasn't worth a dam anyway!"

"I always gets up and says just what's on my mind!"

"He used to 'cruise' up and down the Commons when we played Boston last summer!"

"Yes—but not the kind of strip polka you mean!"

"If she's eighteen, then I'm fifty!"

"Adventuress roles, my eye! You'd be suited to nothing but the lowest comedy!"

"Get away from me you big slob!"

"Think up something exciting and I'll go out withya, 'cause I'm sick of women!"

"Did you see the look she gave me?"

"You oughta be glad you wasn't with us last night, Myrtle, 'cause everybody got cock-eyed drunk!"

"If that faggot starts anything with me I'll lay him out!"

"Wherdja take my girl friend Saturday evening, Carter? She didn't get home until daybreak!"

"I've gotten so now that I don't give a dam what happens!"

"What kind of grease paint are you using Paula? I like Spencer's the best 'cause it always stays hard!"

"I ain't saying much, Pansy, but I got my suspicions of how she got the part!"

"That's the worse of getting too familiar with them stage hands."

"Slip something over you, girls, the man from the gas company is coming up to look at the meter!"

"I'll have to tell Mother I'm spending the night at Margaret's!"

"Let your conscience be your guide, Dearie!"

"Good night, you lense houns!"

Jay Brennan is to present his partner, Bert Savoy, in a series of Shakesperian matinees. Mr. Savoy will play "Rosalind," for one thing. No mention is made of the remainder of the cast, but we presume Lester Sheehan will be to the fore in an important role.

HOW ABOUT A CLEAN-UP AT THE BILTMORE?

We've long commented on the corridors of the Biltmore Hotel as a stamping ground for women who make the picking up of men a business. Our own observation is confirmed by an incident the other day, ending in the police court. Kathleen Champion, twenty, of Newark, accused by Mariano Agramanti of stealing \$21.00 from him in a taxi, admitted that she had joined him through a flirtation at the Biltmore. With our own eyes we have watched many such junctions near "Lovers Corner" in the Biltmore corridors. Wouldn't it be a good idea for that apparently horse-and-sports-mad gentleman, John McE. Bowman, to do a little summer house-cleaning in his hotel? His foyer has been for several years the Mecca of the *demimondaine*.

* * *

Electric Chair for Cockroaches Fails to Work in Court—*The Globe*. Since it failed to work, why didn't they call in

the old cockroach expert, Don Marquis? If *he* can't put cockroaches in order, no one else need hope.

* * *

Not that it makes the slightest difference, but Zane Grey, scenario sleuth, has a country home of 600 acres in Lackawaxen, Pike County, Pa. Says he spends "part of the year" thereon. Why not spend your entire time there, Zane? We mean—but you know, Zane, what we're trying to hint at!

A FEW KIND WORDS TO HUGO RIESENFELD!

Does that good old German-Jewish name of Riesenfeld run true to form? It looked that way when, two or three weeks ago, the irritating Hugo inflicted upon his American audience at the Rivoli a long series of news reel views of Von Hindenburg and the German army. We understand there were expressions of indignation in the theatre, unmistakably composed of groans and hisses, and Hugo's "nerve" was rather informally commented on. But Hugo has the nerve of a Big Bertha—and the most incurable case of egomania outside the psychopathic wards. We would advise him to think twice before he insults and disgusts New Yorkers with further projections of what might well be disguised Prussian propaganda.

Only ONE PLACE
To Go in Greenwich Village!

JIMMY KELLY'S
"ALLEGRIA"

181 Sullivan Street

Entertainment and Dancing!

You'll love it. Artistic surroundings, everything spotlessly clean; finest food in America. A NEW DANCE FLOOR, a noted Orchestra GAYETY, and **FLO HAUSER** (from Reisenweber's), and Jack Smith *Sing*.

Phone Jimmy, Spring 4-2-4-2 for a Table!

"THE TALE OF A LITTLE DOG"

SCENE:—The Den in Johnny Hoagland's new home on East 80th St.

TIME:—About 6 p.m.

—CHARACTERS—

MALE	IN BETWEEN	FEMALE
Johnny	A "Follies" Girl	A Blonde Tramp
A Big Bum		A Red-Headed Tramp
A Little Bum		A Tramp From Brooklyn
The Broadway Bum		The Applesauce Kid

—and The Radiophone—

THE RADIO:—"STATION P.D.Q., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY. JUST A MINUTE PLEASE."

JOHNNY:—"This is positively the last bottle, Goddamit, the house is going dry."

BUMS and TRAMPS:—"Ha, Ha, Ha!"

JOHNNY:—"No, uuh, I'm going broke—had to sell my house—Swanstrom bought it." Damn good house—but I need the money.

THE TRAMP FROM BROOKLYN:—"Give me twenty dollars, Johnny for a taxi home."

JOHNNY:—"B.O.T., you stay with me—Tickle my feet."

THE RADIO:—"EEEEEEEEEESSQZZZZEEOW!.....STATION P.D.Q. WE HAVE WITH US TONIGHT MR. FRANK VAN HOVEN WHO WILL TELL US A SANDMAN STORY ENTITLED—'THE TALE OF A LITTLE DOG' zzzzzzzzQQQ.....I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING MR. VAN HOVEN.....owwowWOW!"

THE APPLESAUCE KID:—"Hasn't he got a nice voice, I wonder if he looks like Rudolf Valentino?"

THE FOLLIES GIRL:—"You like dark meat, don't you.....I hear that Larry Ceballos is going to marry Bee Savage, who used to be on the Roof. They won't have much money but ain't we got fun".....

THE BROADWAY BUM:—"Speaking of marriage, I understand that the Royal Family of Great Britain narrowly averted a social catastrophe by delaying the Prince of Wales' return home until just after Dorothy Clark sailed for New York.

JOHNNY:—"Can't you forget that girl? She's forgotten you alright, alright. Find 'em, fool 'em and forget 'em—that's me!"

THE BROADWAY BUM:—"Well—Gimme another drink."

THE LITTLE BUM:—"Yeah, and Mrs. DINGLE is still in Paris. I'll bet there's something in that divorce rumor after all.

THE RADIO:—"GOOD EVENING SOAKS—er I MEAN FOLKS. TONIGHT, I AM GOING TO TELL YOU THE TALE OF A LITTLE DOGONCE THERE WAS A LITTLE DOG, A LITTLE LAP DOG, A DAINTY LITTLE THING WITH LONG EARS AND A DROOLING TONGUE."

THE FOLLIES GIRL:—"I've got a dog like that."

THE BLONDE TRAMP:—"Oh say, Johnny, I was on the party that Harry Payne Whitney gave the night Wiskaway won. It was at the Vanderbilt and talk about wild parties! This was so terrible I wouldn't even dare tell you about it. But Gertie G..... got \$2,000 out of it and she's still hanging on for more."

THE APPLESAUCE KID:—"Well, that was a pretty good party that Sanchez gave on his fast yacht the other day. When the girls arrived in the tender, Al Davis was diving off the stern and if he had a bathing suit on, nobody noticed it.

JOHNNY:—"Who was on the party?"

THE APPLESAUCE KID:—"Oh, there was Helen Slyfield, Lea Kuba, Ruth and Rose Taylor, Al Davis, Nick Something-or-other, Art Swanstrom and—Oh, a raft of fellows and girls I don't know—We got the captain so drunk, it's a wonder we ever made port.



JAMES R.
MARSHALL

and

EDNA
MORN

gaining much popularity in vaudeville

Direction, M. S. Bentham

THE BLONDE TRAMP:—"Well, if Helen Slyfield was along, Johnny Wichert must have been there."

THE APPLESAUCE KID:—"No, I understand that's cold. Helen is back with Billy Butler."

THE RADIO:—"Now, THE YOUNG MAN WAS A VERY NICE YOUNG MAN AND HE WAS VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH THE YOUNG LADY SO WHEN HE SAW THE CUTE LITTLE DOG HE DECIDED TO BUY THE CUTE LITTLE DOG AND GIVE THE CUTE LITTLE DOG TO THE YOUNG LADY TO PROVE HIS LOVE."

THE RED-HEADED TRAMP:—"Hot Dog! Did you hear about the scrap between Battling May Devereaux and Elsa Peterson the night the Cantor Show closed at the Winter Garden. This Peterson dame has been pulling the 'Ambassador' all through the run and May had it in for her. Believe me, she took it out Saturday night with Betty Marshall and the rest of that quiet, dignified crowd cheering her on."

JOHNNY:—"I don't want any of those girls around here—er Goddamit er—They get to fighting and wreck my place."

THE RADIO:—"SO HE GAVE THE LITTLE DOG TO THE YOUNG LADY AND SHE WAS GLAD TO GET THE LITTLE DOG AND SHE STARTED IN TO TRAIN THE LITTLE DOG AND TEACH THE LITTLE DOG TRICKS.....ZZZZzzzzzzSQUEEE!"

THE FOLLIES GIRL:—"What I'd like to know is, now that the O— K— matter is all settled up and the Wiley girl got all that money to lay off, why didn't Fay get hers?"

THE BLONDE TRAMP:—"Oh, the lawyers scared her off by threatening a lot of publicity."

THE BIG BUM:—"Toby" was mixed up in that case, wasn't he? Now, that his wife's out of town, I suppose he's reorganizing up in Sue Dinglebat's house. And Lobbygow Earnest pays no rent at Bill's.

THE RADIO:—"WHEN THE LITTLE DOG HAD LEARNED A LOT OF NEW TRICKS HE WAS ABLE TO GREATLY AMUSE THE YOUNG LADY AND SHE SPENT A LOT OF TIME WITH THE LITTLE DOG."

JOHNNY:—"Say, what's become of that Peggy Freeman girl?"

APPLESAUCE KID:—Oh, she went down to Coney Island with Ike the Geezer and the Harlem slugger, and she got a broken leg.

JOHNNY:—"I don't believe in girls drinking. It makes them crazy, hummm? It makes them steal! I won't have it around my place, hummm?"

THE RADIO:—"AND THE NICE YOUNG MAN WHO LOVED THE YOUNG LADY SAW LESS AND LESS OF HER BECAUSE SHE WAS MORE AND MORE WITH THE LITTLE DOG."

THE BROADWAY BUM:—"It's a tough life! Henry Clive called me up today. He says she can feel the baby kick now. Here's luck to him!"

JOHNNY:—"Clive Logan's in town. His father died and left him a Studebaker."

THE RADIO:—"AND THE NICE YOUNG MAN WAS VERY SAD BECAUSE THE LITTLE DOG HAD CUT HIM OUT.....THE MORAL IS: NEVER GIVE A LITTLE DOG TO YOUR LADY FRIEND."

THE LITTLE BUM:—"They tell me that since that story appeared in the last BREVITIES, Collins gave Marion the air and she has resumed negotiations with Joe Baker."

THE RADIO:—"STATION P.D.Q., AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY..... THERE WILL BE AN INTERMISSION OF THIRTY MINUTES.....AT SEVEN P. M., MADAM LAPASNOOZA WILL PLAY THE FLUTE..... ssssqeeEEEEEEEEEE zzz zuck tick-ta-tick."

JOHNNY:—"No, that's positively the last bottle.....Well, ugh!—Maybe there's one more.....OSWALD, are you THERE?"

There is a "Sport Review" being shown in the movie houses at the present time, purporting to be a picture of boyhood days, stated to be "edited" by Grantland Rice. We suppose, therefore, that Mr. Rice is responsible for the disgusting incorporation in the different scenes of colored boys—about as notorious a sample of bad taste as we have seen in a long time. If the censors passed this effusion of Mr. Rice's then let us tell them they have o.k.'d a bit of rank indecency, offensive to the majority of picture audiences.

ANOTHER DANCE-HALL SHOOTING MATCH

The dance halls continue to sustain their reputation as dens of vice and criminality. Not long ago there was a near-riot in Stauch's hoofing foundry at Coney Island when William Dorsey, of Brooklyn, was shot in the right arm. Someone named Vetter had objected to the way Dorsey was dancing, and the altercation resulted in the gun practice. Dorsey was held in \$1,000 bail in Coney Island Court and another hoofing hyena

on an assault charge. Why don't they place a sign over the door of the dance halls: "Park your cannons in the check room"—it might save a lot of target work. But, best of all, *why not close the dance halls entirely*, and thereby wipe out over half the felonies reaching the courts and more than half of the seductions of young, unprotected girls?

* * *

So Evan Burrowes spilled the soup on "Sonny" Whitney at last! Why don't "Sonny's" lawyers interview Russell Colt. "Dad Knows!"

* * *

Picking up "La Vie Parisienne" the other day we were amused to find advertised therein CREME TOKALON, the nostrum formerly floated in this country by E. Virgil (*Nuxated Iron*) Neal. Can you beat that guy?

* * *

Who was it cashed Pearl G.'s cute little check for her, made out to "Cash" and signed Babe R——? Is Pearl helping out on the mound?



FLO IS HEARD FROM

The Stillman case having dropped out of the front pages, many are wondering where that important member of the *genus homo*, Flo Leeds, can be. Well, we're going to tell you. Flo is in Paris, and according to all accounts percolating through is having the time of her young life. They do say that a certain American millionaire is keeping Flo's trail hot, but that he is far from being the only gudgeon in the lake, as Flo is said to be cutting a swathe across town that makes even the veteran Parisians gasp.

"VESK" A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST

You may or may not be aware that Valeska Surratt, now in the Winter Garden "Spice of 1922," is an ardent Christian Scientist, having according to reports taken up this study two or three years ago. Vesk is the old side-kick of Aimee Crocker Gouraud, who was the female Diamond Jim of first-nights, and many were the midnight parties at Mrs. Gouraud's old town house in the West 50's at which Vesk was the star guest and frivoler. We used to hear of those parties, but never could write anything about them for the simple reason it is almost impossible to print BREVITIES on asbestos stock. However, new times new manners, and so we find the once vamping and galumping Vesk turned to the pages of Old Mother Eddy for consolation and penitence. It is said that one of the bitterest sorrows of Vesk's life is that no baby fingers have ever caressed her throat, and of course the unfeeling venom of the years has made that luxury now presumably impossible. But hope never dies, and in the suppositious necromancy of Christian Science who knows but that the old dear still seeks for a miracle. For you all know of that Scriptural miracle associated with the mother of Jesus, and realising the credulity of the adherents of that gigantic fabric of hokum and idiocy, Christian Science, there is no way of setting bounds to the hallucinations of its devotees.

LINDY'S STAGES A SCRAP

Is Lindy's delicatessen foundry on Broadway, near Fiftieth street, out to tie the championship scrapping honors hitherto held by that jovial soul, Aaron Reuben? Judging by an incident the other evening it looks that way. Two guys, coming out of Lindy's, apparently full of something besides Loganberry juice, expressed a desire for a cab other than the one the liveried dinge in front wished to push on them. After a brief altercation the dinge got a wallop on the jaw, seemingly a proper reward for "talking back," and the local constabulary of course soon appeared. However, the dinge did not want to go to the station to press the charge and the attackers bundled into their favorite taxi and drove off. If that sweet soul, Mr. Linderman (alias Lindy) doesn't watch out he may one of these nights have a race war in progress out front.

* * *

Does Perle Germond ever hold noisy parties in her flat?

* * *

Wasn't Mae Deveraux prominent among the battling chorines in that final melee on the night of the closing of the Eddie Cantor show? And who owned the hair parked all over the sidewalk at 7th and 50th?

* * *

Ever hear of the guy whose wife was so fat he had to put sand in the bed to keep her from falling out?

* * *

FRIGHTFUL COMING EVENTS

Hey Broun's novel to be published this Fall. It's his first, and the title is "The Boy Grew Older." Can it refer to "H3d?"

Long new narrative poem, by Edwin Arlington Robinson, also to be published in the Fall.

OH, YOU TWO MEAN BRUTES!

Talk about your grouchy hubbies, but Los Angeles has just turned out a winner. Lee Moran, screen comedian, all smiles on the flickers but worsen ten wildcats at home, is sued by his wife Esther for divorce. She says that in addition to being intoxicated "for the last four years" he—

Kicked about her being a spendthrift

Kicked about the food bill

Kicked about her cooking

Kicked her out of bed

Kicked her downstairs

Kicked about the way she raised the baby

Kicked because she wouldn't kick in the kale

Kicked so much on a train she had to find another berth

Kicked about the climate

Slapped her face.

In short, not just the kind of a chum you'd pick out for a rainy afternoon. We'll bet he suffers from either car-buncles or intestinal poisoning.

* * *

But here's another hubby, if anything, worse than Lee. He's Leo Bernheimer (no relative of George do you think?) of 238 East 87th street, Manhattan.

What do you suppose was Leo's particular brand of unsociability? Well, just listen. He'd take his side-dish Tillie Zinc, living on the same street, and walk her right past his wife, emitting cat-calls, laughing loudly and occasionally flipping a roll of bills right across his wife's nose! While doing this latter he emitted the meows. If that wouldn't sour any wife's disposition we give up. But there's a big laugh in the tragedy, and the laugh is "Tillie Zinc."

* * *

Far from the madding crowd and the scene of her success at the Cohan theatre Estelle Penning and her nice mumma are spending the summer way down in Nova Scotia, at Lower Argyle, near Yarmouth. Estelle promised to send us some jottings from the land of the bluenose, but we s'pose she'll forget.

* * *

A word of appreciation for that popular manager, Jimmie Merrill, of the BOARDWALK, whose veteran skill makes the big place run like clock-work. And don't forget his able aides, George Berryman and Henry Surtes.

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MUSIC & DANCING

Did you ever encounter, clear of those really great writers Nathan and Mencken, such a collection of nit-wits as someone unhappily named "Burton Rascoe" (we always think of Bosco—eats 'em alive!) gets each Sunday in his page of personalia in the trying *Tribune*? Who are they and whence came they—these nit-wits he mentions? Most of them seem to be disturbed about the young intellectuals. Are the young intellectuals right or wrong in their literary modes; what can we hope for from them; is it nice of them to trample on the classic tradition? Stuff like that. We have perhaps no right to preen our bright feathers as an authority on the question. But if we had our way we would place all the young intellectuals carefully in a large canvas bag, tie it securely and slip it into the Hudson. We would take especial care that not one *vers libre* poet or Cubist escaped the sack. Sherwood Anderson, Amy Lowell and Horace Brodsky would go in the very bottom of the bag, for we wouldn't want to take the faintest chance of their escape. Mr. Rascoe, himself, we would save, for he *does* seem to be in a hopeful twilight state between Free Verse and the Fool Killer. In any case he could be safely held over to the 1923 jettisoning.

* * *

Lucille Ballantine is a busy girl. Besides rehearsing for "The Passing Show of 1922," Lucille is taking vocal lessons.

"THE CAT AND THE CANARY"

Talk about your old-time "thrillers," with spooks and lonely manors and hands clutching out of walls and midnight vil-

ARTISTS REPRESENTATIVE

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lains and mysterious wills and young and lovely heroines exposed to murder and sudden death—just run in and see "The Cat and the Canary." The reason we feel glum about it is to see beautiful young Sylvia Field the target for these multitudinous horrors. And at dead of night, too. Horrors are bad enough, but at dead of night—ugh! However, Henry Hull, valiant wight, is there to save her, and all ends swell. Let us add how much the sprightly and pretty Sylvia contributes to the popularity of Broadway's astonishing hit.

* * *

What was it the bell hops of a famous Fifth Avenue hotel used to whisper and laugh about every day when the bride of a big tobacco merchant—now divorced—used to walk in such an apparently weakened condition from the lift? What caused this weakened condition, and was it the real secret and basis of the divorce not so many weeks ago? And aren't some men terrible?

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PROGRAMMES CHANGED MONDAY AND THURSDAY

Some News from Windy Town

WINDY CITY WHISPERS

In the way of reminiscence, remember Rexford Burnett who played the role of "Billie Benson" in *East is West* for about six months? Well, Rexie divorced his wife about a year ago, and a pretty five-year-old girl calls 'em pop and mum. Wife is now known as Vera and is said to be the original manicure lady at the Morrison Hotel barber shop in Chi. Such beautiful, ahem! legs Vera hath that she once won a contest for these same interesting fixtures, the photo of the b.l. being printed and circulated for commercial purposes by a well known hosiery firm. Vera is now said to be knocking 'em all dead in the line of suitors.

* * *

Another little bird flies in from Chi and twitters about Sylvia Twining, a former jewel in the beauty constellation at Ernie Young's Marigold Gardens. After 'this Sylvia resolved she would ditch the incandescents and so she hied herself, like a good wee girlie, to the sales counter in Marshall Field & Co.'s. But, after the twinkling lights, it was too hard work so she quit and has gone back to her goody—name unknown—who she calls "The Sheik." He has a car 'n ever'thin', and it's the end of a perfect day.

* * *

Al Herman tells some of his best jokes out of town, and the following is a sample. Al says he was standing in front of a Chicago theatre one day, when he saw a guy jump off the L platform to the street. Al walked over and asked him why he did such a crazy thing, and gave him a bawling out. The gink turned on him ferociously and said: "I had a bet on with myself. They say that a fairy can fly and I wanted to see."

* * *

News of "Babe" Lavalie, who used to decorate the Strand Roof hoofing foun-dry, and is said to have been a great favorite of the managers thereat. Well,

Babe has shifted her locale to Chicago, playing there in the chorus of "For Goodness Sake." As usual she plays the heavy roll admirers, the present incumbent being reported with more Jack than the First National. The "Babe," unfortunately, is getting fat—yes, fat—but wears a smile as big as the Loop.

* * *

And Helen Paine, wife of Jerry Hitchcock, you'll be pleased to learn, is right in the same chorus as "Babe." She used to do time at the Strand jazz factory. Hubby, as per usual, is very popular with everyone and infatuated pink with his clever wife. But why did Helen withdraw her radiance from Broadway?

What prominent shareholder in a famous revue, risen from obscurity and not so long since married to a beautiful professional, has been taking his pleasures away from the fireside with Billy W.? And wasn't it softer for Billy than with the New Jersey broker? (Pardon us for saying broker!) And isn't the "prominent shareholder" sitting on pins for fear Corrie may get wise to the whole gaff?

* * *

Is it true that Little Russie Colt, at present said to be the new and infatuated cavalier of Jessie Reid, signs his love-letters to the divinity, "Ducky?" 'Tis said that on phones to the Great Northern he always croons, "Yes, this is 'Ducky' dear." Wonder did he sign himself "Goosie" during the period of his long siege to long-legged Evan Burrows? That old kid did sure keep the trail hot for a while. But leave it to Jessie when there's real work to be done!

* * *

"BLACK AND WHITE"

Nothing to do with taxi companies, but a little glimpse into the far and near past. And concerning your little play-mates Nellie Black, of E. H. Fuller

notoriety, and Nellie White, the pretty girl that poor Leon Langsfeld used to drape himself around. Both pals, funny to say—Black & White. Before Leon, Nellie W. had a great admirer in the corporeal substance and entity of Jack Grubman, proprietor in the old days of a noble liquor emporium at 10th avenue and 44th street. The two Nellies used to live together—in fact they may still do so. Both are said to be of Polish descent—in fact might be sisters. Nellie White is in any case a nice, congenial girl, whom to know is to like, and if there was no other reason for liking her it would be supplied by her friendship with our dear old dead pal, Leon. For any wrong that he did he will no doubt pay on that other shore, but the love and grief of a few friends that knew him well will surely find him a refuge in God's mercy.

* * *

Now, the main question is—does Dotty King love the fiddler?

Appropriate, wasn't it? Undertakers Convention adjourns *sine die*.

OUR IDEA OF WASTED EFFORT

Burglarising a five and ten cent store.

* * *

Realizing that slang obtained widely among the Greeks, we have often wondered who the low-brow was so often referred to as Achille's "heel?"

* * *

"Bobbie," the belle of Perth Amboy, changes the color of her looks so frequently that we have difficulty at times recognizing her, particularly under the shaded lights of the Broadway cafes.

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'Tis reported on good authority that Henry Harris (he of the sleek raven hair) has settled down and married. Rather funny, however, that he should be glimpsed about in a foursome, which included the ever-toddling Tot Qualters.

* * *

Oh we'll say that Hilda Ferguson is getting on. 'Twas but a year or two ago that she arrived in town from Baltimore dumber than a dumb-bell, and that's some dumb. Now she fights with managers, producers, and such like, walks out of shows and everything. Just a clever girl and quick to learn.

* * *

Who sprung the leak on the 'two Texas gentlemen' story?

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"DIRTY DAVE"—(Continued from page 20)

Funny thing, but on the very day of the fight, Dave had just stepped off a train at the Grand Central, after an extended visit to his dear wife in New England of one whole evening..... Damned if it isn't touching!

But the peak of Dave's experiences was probably reached in the famous, but hitherto unpublished, escapade of the private detective of the G. N. hostelry. Dave likes a body-guard, for the "rough and dirty" has its perils, and on a certain evening carried along body-guard Cook to a celebration at Reisy's. Booze and oaths flew thick and fast as usual, but about five on Sunday morning the happy little circle abruptly dispersed in a riot when Betty accused Cook of the extraction from her corsage of a hundred dollar bill. Dave, it seems, had gone home, but Betty stuck and finally had Cook trundled over to the night-court. From this dismal location (on a phone reading Bryant 3106) Cook phoned frantically to his master and protector, Dave, at his hotel. Dave had long since retired to drunken dreams, leaving a warning not to be disturbed, but frantic appeals to the switchboard wren got the call through. Dave hastily donned his gal-luses, taxied unto the station and took Cook out of hock. Nothing more was heard of the incident. The p.d. got fired.

Among Dave's favorite phone numbers are said to be Julia Howell, Fitzroy 4900, and Miss "Williams," Wadsworth 4220. That cute little trick Jean Tyler, reported to be a Hackensack telephone girl, maintained an address at 3905 Broadway.

Oh, here's a funny thing. We told you in May issue about wife and daughter suddenly showing up at Dave's hotel one night, at the very moment a wild party was in progress in his suite on the 9th floor. As you recall Dave kept 'em waiting downstairs while he hurriedly got a lien on suite 1000, floor above. Corsets, false hair and lipsticks are said to have been draped around the

corridor outside 900 in amorous profusion. Well, the kick is that suite 1000 is said to be bomb—pardon we mean sound-proof—one of those cells that many of the hotels keep for snoring guests. Since wife's presence in Manhattan, of course, the impenetrability of the walls matters very little one way or the other.

Dave's been very "good"—that is apparently—since his enormously better half has been sojourning in Manhattan. But like the renowned little lady of childhood days when he's bad he's horrid. While his alcoholic skirt parties can not be conducted in his own quarters in the 57th street hostelry, yet his many boon companions are only too glad to throw open their menages to such a princely *bon vivant*. And in these it is said the ousted "hookers" of the howling Forties foregather at Dave's feasts of reason and flows of hootch. His choicest diversion is to discuss art, literature and the vinous musical glasses. He loves to spend whole evenings discussing the comparative merits of Bach and Beethoven, the literary status of Laura Jean Libbey and the best way to cure boils without iodine.....Oh, my yes!.....But why did he send sweet Madeleine Bailey to Buffalo, on extended leave?

Postscript—It was all over long ago with Verna Mitchell.

* * *

Charlie Cathcart graced the sands at Castle's the other Sunday. Still the same old phlegmatic Charlie!

* * *

Earl Lindsay is another of our Broadway celebs that has jumped the fatal hurdle, the charming Missus being none other than a dazzling little Cincinnati miss.

* * *

Did it annoy Count Tsaky and his fair companion to have Hitchy kid them as they sat themselves down in the front row at the Earl Carroll Theatre recently?

There seems to be more in the hastily exploded reports of the well known millionaire's secret marriage than has come to the surface thus far in the newspaper reports—which at best were somewhat vague particularly regarding the bride's antecedents. Nothing having been said anent the latter's previous spouse, the quidnuncs—high and low—are scurrying about to discover whether he died, disappeared or divorced.

* * *

The charming Helen Shaw of musical comedy fame, recently underwent a painful but not serious operation for the removal of her tonsils. Upon her return from Southampton, where she is now recuperating, Helen will make her appearance again in one of the new summer musical productions.

* * *

Gertrude Spindler, the Cincinnati songbird, cancelled an eight-week's Canadian tour last week, to jump into the prima donna role in the "Bathing Beach Revue" at Murray's the production heretofore lacking in a voice of quality.

* * *

What broke up the love-match between the world's champion hard-boiled egg,

Walter Windsor, and petite Helen Armstrong, who ought to know better, and who lost her dear French daddy a few weeks' ago?

* * *

Well! Well! Well! Well! Dottie Clarke is back in our midst again. Well! Well! Well! Well! Cyclone and hootch cellars are being reorganized and refitted, salesmen are dusting off the Rolls-Royces, Tiffany's have sent a hurry order for several carloads of cracked ice, and real-estate operators are sleeping by their phones waiting for Dotty's call. Far in the rear, a low, rumbling sound is heard, making a noise like a set of blue-prints.

* * *

Why is Leonard Leeds off the wine and wild women? Probably from the sweepstakes participated in by his pop, who was recently sued by Evelyn M. Lewis for 100,000 emerald fish.

* * *

Talk about a couple of dizzy blondes, how about "Birdie" and her sister in the W. U. window at Broadway and 41st?

* * *

Who is the beautiful girl Jimmy Auditore is seen with constantly—and where does Jeanne E—— get her wop dinners since he gave her the air?

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Exclusive Management
JOSEPH A. SUSSKIND

Have you seen clever Felix Krembs since he amputated that moustache?

* * *

Isn't Edythe Mannes (or Manners) sailing under false colors as to her nationality? Isn't it a fact that her dad and other relatives run the "Hampton Shops" and that "Mannes" might really have been Mannix at one time?

* * *

Bet you missed seeing Oscar of the Waldorf the night he was carrying that lovely bundle in front of a well-known vaudeville theatre, and his pal helping his uncertain footsteps?

FRISCO'S LATEST

Frisco never gives us any advertising, but we think he's the funniest guy in the world. A friend in Chicago has just sent us a few of his newest gags. Listen to 'em:

Sitting in Henrici's at midnight he saw Gus Edwards coming in. Frisco rose

from his chair and yelled loudly: "Ladies and gentlemen, save your children!"

In the same cafe one night he noticed a ham picking his teeth. He said: "Don't do that—you may lay off next week."

Some three-a-day 60-per tried to get familiar with Frisco. "Say," said Frisco, "I'll bet you haven't got your winter underwear off yet."

Frisco was talking to a pretty girl one night in the lobby of the Sherman Hotel. When she left a friend remarked: "Frisco, that's some doll—isn't she in Lilies of the Field. By the way, do you know what part she plays?" Frisco replied: "I haven't seen the show b-b-but I imagine she plays the F-F-Field."

Frisco told a Chicago acquaintance he understood George White had married Marie Dressler, but he di-di-di-didn't believe it.

He saw some chorus dames feeding rolls to an old cab horse on Randolph street. "S-s-say Girls," said Frisco, "w-w-why don't you get him a cup of c-c-coffee?"

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AN "EXPERIENCE" WITH MR. EDWARDS DAVIS, "PROMOTER"

Prominent in the wreckage at present strewn the treacherous reefs of Wall street is the battered hulk of Stillwell, Leffler & Lowe. This firm was a member of the Consolidated, and maintained a branch office in the Knickerbocker Building, the manager of which was your old pal, Edwards Davis. Mr. Davis started life as a minister of God, laying aside the cassock to become, in turn, novelist, poet, actor, playwright, Prompter of the Green Room Club, President of the N.V.A. and then stockbroker. Now that his latest enterprise has gone to smash in the failure of S. L. & Lowe, it is said that he has taken up a new promotion, even soliciting elevator men to come in on "a sure thing." We feel sure that the recital of one of his Knickerbocker Bldg. clients concerning her "plunging" with Mr. Davis would prove highly instructive and entertaining, not to say disturbing, and we shall have the young lady narrate it in our September issue.



FLO MAXWELL

In a pensive pose, probably thinking how nice it is to help adorn Sammie Salvin's wonderful "Boardwalk" show, the talk of Broadway.

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GUY LOOMIS

Wall Street's Gargantua. The man who put "Bulldog Jaw" and "Commanding Personality" in the language. Tops the topless towers of Ilium; an animate Singer Building; the Martian of Manhattan; the super-giant who could walk about the world using the Himalayas for a foot-rest and the Alps for a writing-desk. Who, by allowing the emplacement of the Lick Telescope on his hat, could in a moment allow the Mystery of the Spheres to be solved. When he laughs it as the booming of the breakers at Long Beach, as though Thor were welding another world on his anvil, as if the Noise of Centuries were expressed in a single detonation. Gazing upon this Apex of Altitude one feels as does the *habitant* in a canoe beneath Cape Eternity. Yet the merry twinkle of eye, the athletic grandeur of conformation, the mien, condescending yet imperial, intrigue and fascinate. When this Olympian Oligarch stoops to the lowly Phrynes of the Footlights, companioning and befriending them, amaze dissolves in adoration, bewilderment in bonhomie, fair Venus rising in splendor o'er the embattlement of White Rock, Schultze's Ginger Ale and Iced Sarsaparilla. The Colossus of the Ticker accomplishing Trifles with Dignity.

**GUS EDWARDS' INTERNATIONAL
REVUE AT MURRAY'S
ROMAN GARDENS**

was the sensation of the "re-opening" there on the evening of the 21st. The revue appears at both the dinner and supper shows. Murray's is now under the personal management of Jos. Susskind, and is coming back to all its former glory. It was packed by celebs on the "re-opening" who witnessed a "hit" of the first order. Gus Edwards has an aggregation of artists known the world over, and unique and surprising features mark the show, which will be switched every Sunday to Blossom Heath Inn, also under Joe Susskind's expert management.

* * *

What's the story of the "battle" between Dick Keene and Emma Haig, which it is said has divided the "Music Box" cast into two camps? After being close pals so long, why allow a flossy little blonde to start trouble between so popular and clever a pair?

WHY?—FRANK

Why does Frank Van Hoven go home to his bachelor apartment in the Claridge every night and phone to some little town way out in the west?—And does Artie Swanstron's pleadings have any effect?—And does he have her picture with him even on the stage?

* * *

James R. Marshall and Edna Morn, recent features with Flo-Flo, Maytime, Buddies, Fiddlers Three, April Showers and Mary, have joined in a singing and dancing act for vaudeville called "Good-bye Broadway," which is highly spoken of. This gifted pair possess personalities especially pleasing and are prime favorites with theatre-goers.

* * *

Old friend Gus Schult isn't saying much as he's too busy attending to patronage at his "Ben Hur" on City Island, so charmingly situated and so desirable for motorists who like a short drive and a good meal to top it off.



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the latest creations for
use in his new offering
in the fall.*



Mme. Helena Rubinstein, world-famous beauty specialist, has just sailed for Paris, and it is whispered will bring back a number of beauty preparations to startle her exacting clientele. Mme. Rubinstein has been called the "artiste of science" and everyone is awaiting her return with intense curiosity. Thousands of women in New York owe their present youthfulness to Mme. Rubinstein.

* * *

\$500,000 O.K.!

The old street seems to have on hand a pip of a scandal at present, if the stories being whispered in the cafes have any foundation in fact. 'Tis to the effect that a well-known magnate of society and finance was not long ago pried loose from a bundle of dough big enough to dislocate an iceman's back. The break on the kick-in—said to have been a half million cold—is that the magnate was framed for a little apartment party consisting of himself and a doll, and at the correct moment a surprise squad jammed in and found Mr. Mag and his companion in a Garden of Eden condition. The story was taken to a well-known newspaper, which consented to print it if the plant filed a complaint. She DID. But right at this terrible moment Mr. Mag's attorneys butted into the tragedy and their negotiations with the legal light on the other side resulted in a settlement for just \$500,000. Funny part of it is, the Mag's lawyers are said to have sliced off \$150,000 for their own end when closing the deal. How the story got "out" was through the squeal of a newspaper-woman concerned and two of the raiding party who were double-crossed on their share of the spoils. The attorney on the "plant" end is said to be the same one who had as his client, some months ago, the gent who headed the hold-up.



ELVA LLOYD

As you can see Elva is very easy to look at. She is featured in Gus Edwards' International Revue at MURRAY'S, and we'd think Elva would have no trouble being a feature anywhere.

Gilbert Boag scores again with his "Japanese Gardens" (Castles-by-the-Sea) at Long Beach, a revelation of Gil's master-hand such as the famous Beach has never before witnessed. When "Gil" opens a place watch for the celebs, and they are now packing Castle's night and day. No more delightful place exists on the Atlantic coast-line. Cuisine, service, appointments—all up to the Boag standard.

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